comparatively comfortable.

Ship Duncan North Lat. 37° 28' West long. 58° 55' June 14. 1833.

My dearly beloved Mother,

I know that a long time must elapse before even my scattered thoughts can reach you, yet my heart so runs out after you, that I cannot resist my inclination to address my pen. My dear Mother, I cannot tell you how ardently I love & long for you, how I rejoice that the Lord made me yours — that he has spared me so long to enjoy your care, counsels, tenderness & love. Yes, I bless God for my mother, & who by his providence he now calls me to forsake her, to go far from her, with the expectation of never again seeing even beholding her. I still love to hope that he will long continue to me a mother, & by his grace enable me to be to me yet many years a kind & precious blessing.

We embarked from Boston the 10th inst. Mon. Morn. 11 o'clock & was an interesting & solemn moment. To me I can truly say it was a happy one. Most of the ties which bound me to my beloved country, my endeared, there was no blood mother, brother or sister to hang about my neck, to wet & cause to bleed a pierce — to draw me back to earth. I had given them all up to God, & though I parted with heart strongly entwined around my dear native land, yet the call of my Master, on behalf of perishing millions enabled me to triumph, & his grace helped me to rejoice that I might for his sake bear her beloved shores a farewell. The anchor & shipwreck crowded with spectators who crowded the little band with interesting adieus & tokens of affection. A prayer was offered by Dr. Fay in our name & commended us to God, & our friends gave us the parting hand, blessing us with good wishes & fervent desires. But for his blessing upon us, & our ship loosed from the anchor, we united with those on shore in singing the Missionary Hymn for departure — The winds shirley — We mingled mingled from that beloved spot, & America, our native land, is out of sight. Five America was soon lost to our view. This is the season but how changed since we left it. On the fifth day out. We have been highly favored, as it respects health, & the prosperity of our voyage & seamen. My dear mother of missionaries & ever-revered friend, I have suffered far less than most of the women, & my dear husband suffers exceedingly — also the dear sisters & Br. Mr. R. has entirely escaped. And the affection & kindness which he manifests to me in my afflicted state, is unparalleled. Sister is much as usual. Thus you see, my dear mother, how mercy continues to follow yours. The Capt. & steward are very kind & attentive, & provide for us at present many comforts. Sad we have air in our rooms, & meals that we could drink, & water that would not taste so nauseous as to be scarcely drinkable, & sometimes violently, I think a sea life generally would be quite tolerable.

North Lat. 35° 5' West long. 41° 22' June 19.

Nearly two thousand miles separate me from the spot which I found that gave me birth. But as much as I love you, my dear mother, & much as I love my native hills & valleys, the scenes of my childhood & youth, I cannot but say dear me on these restless ocean. It is the winds my canvas swell, there my heart with my dear ones, while I go per haps to dwell — as yet we have been highly favored in regard to the weather. We have sometimes thought our home a rolling one, but the Capt tells us we know nothing of a rough sea. The most of the time the vessel have wafted us at 8, 9 & 10 miles an hour. Yesterday & today the sea very smooth & we sail at the rate of 6 miles. Our little company is in very good health at present, & since my last date our sufferings have been greater than before. Sister S is now to sit up a little, but is very weak. Sister is still confined to her berth. Sister A continues quite feeble. Her husband also is not at all affected, neither has he been. He is quite restored. Mother M & my dear husband is better & the kindness of the officers & truly affecting? they try and learn our wants & ability supply them to the extent of their ability. The most of our days since leaving dear America, have been ample with trial, but mercy rejoices against judgment. I trust some of us have been enabled to rejoice in the midst of our affliction. If pleases known the trials of a sea life they would pity more missionaries while adorning the great duty. But we no reason for complaint, nor would we complain. We have better accommodations than we could reasonably expect. To morrow we hope to be all to the family table. & I think we will make south our course.

Our course during the last 24 hours has been nothing east instead of southeast. Our distance is 25, when indeed, scarcely a mile an hour. But this we know, that our Father commands the winds & the waves, & must & will as all our destinies part in the best possible time. with this assurance I would be content & I think my dear mother that the Lord abundantly to rejoice that he has employing with the exception of sister A. This morning we for the first time united in prayer. The Capt favored us with his presence — some of the ships company were present — but are nothing we should have united & public worship & promise attendance when convenient. We were favored with a text & love. Thus you see dear mother that if we can have many seasons of grace. I trust this is your daily prayer —

Sun 23. N Lat 28° 1' W. long. 33.

After several days of head winds & smooth sea, we are again favored with a breeze that wafts us at the rate of 7 or 8 Miles an hour. We are blest with peerless pleasure, for our hearts go out after our prospective home. The dear sisters are still very feeble — no relish for food, no strength or energy. Indeed, I can give you no idea of the dire disease sea sickness. Mr. J thinks it no imaginary ill. he still continues to suffer much from it. I am as yet almost a stranger to a natural feeling? tho my health is comparatively good, & I am enabled to administer in some little degree to the comfort of those in distress. I have been buying this P.M. to prepare for a three little messes for them, which makes me feel quite at home — The raspberries which Mrs Sheldon gave me are almost the only thing they can relish. Thank her for them again & again. I very much regret that I did not take some preserves with me to use on the way — they would have been a great comfort to us in our sickness —

23rd day at Sea N. Lat 11° W. Long. 23° July 1.

My dear mother, You will find I tell you little else but sorrowful tales: but I have scarcely myself this afternoon resolving to go to you before you as nearly as possible our situation. This will be a sorry picture I know, but I dare cannot know how to pray for missionaries unless they know their wants. This cabin presents the appearance of a hospital. The state rooms (or sleeping rooms) are so warm & the air so bad that it is often distressing to remain in them. The sisters, for a little relief have had their mattresses brought out into the cabin, for altho we have been so long at sea neither of them set up two hours in 24. all three of them now have their mattresses in the cabin, one on the floor, the others on trunks & chairs, the Mr. occupying his with his wife. my husband on his as our room. Their energies both of body & mind are indeed prostrated — completely unfitted for mental exertion. Capt Randall thinks had we encountered a severe storm when we first came out, that we should not be affected by the present motion of the vessel. As yet however we scarcely experience a squall & our progress has been tolerably even upon. I have often felt that the prayers of others were swelling our sails, & still feel that in due time we shall all reach our destined port safe & happy. Last eve we remembered the month by concert. It was an interesting thought my heart was mingling with so many of the children of zion. — My health is good — have attempted to study a little, but the most of my time is occupied in the care of the sick. — — — — — The cry of a shark, a shark is now mournfully since roused us from our slumbrous state, & all were soon on deck, but Mrs. H. A cord attached to a piece of pork was soon thrown over the deck, by which the poor fish was turned to the side of the side of ship. He was struck with the fish spear but not secured. It was a small one, not more than 4 or 5 feet long.

— — — N. Lat 10° 35' W. Long. 22° 36' Thurs 4

We have fresh reason for thanksgiving & praise this day, & I cannot let it pass without making my dear mother acquainted with the circumstances which call for it. About 3 o'clock in the P.M. a vessel was discovered, making directly towards us. As she approached nearer to us strong suspicions arose in the minds of our officers as to her character. She was pronounced a Pirate! The crew were at once upon the alert. The implements of war were immediately collected & prepared for combat (the compass told us it was N.N.E. & S.S.W. by the latter) & one & another were striving to conceal their valuables. We, poor sisters, were all in expectation, but knew not what would be our fate or that of our dear husbands. We could make no effort to escape all we could do was to commit our case to God, & stay ourselves upon his arm. This I trust we were enabled to do, & more composedly so. (Measurably so) As it was such an hour as I hope ever been a stranger to. But the Lord appeared for our help — The suspicious vessel steered her course, & we are relieved for the present — The Lord is our refuge, in him will we trust —

Sab. 7 N. Lat 8° 54' W. Long. 21°

Another Sabbath has clustered upon us — it's scene has passed over over our heads & the evening of the evening are drawn around us. It has seemed a little more like the Sabbath than previous ones — The health of our company permitted us to have services on deck. Br. Robinson preached from 1 John 4, 16 God is love. It was sweet to my soul dear mother again to listen to the sound of the gospel, & to worship God in the capacity of an assembly, altho there were but a handful of us — & the broad canopy of heaven the only covering to our sanctuary. The capston & our sacred desk — the sails a slight shelter from the scorching rays of a tropical sun — Yet that God who spread out there heavens as a curtain, & measures them with a span. He we are but specks, floating upon the great waters which he holds in the hollow of his hand — He was & I trust did look down upon us, own us, & bless us. Dear mother it is a comforting thought that tho the minds are wasting me far, far away from my own dear home & friends, they are not wasting one away from any God & Saviour or the gracious influences of his holy Spirit — to the P.M. we had met we had a little class among ourselves. Health & strength are gradually returning to our company.

Weds 12. N. Lat 5° 34' W. 15° 37'

For several days we have been meandering about in what is termed the swamp, pursuing a zigzag course indeed — Sometimes South east then E, again W, again N. W. — This week has been rather a monotonous one, but little has occurred to interest us. I have not even seen a fish. a few dolphins have been seen by a part of our company. On monday eve a great luminous was discovered at a great head — also the phosphoretic appearances of the ocean in the evening delightful much. When quite dark & the water considerably agitated, it seems as if we were ploughing our way through a sea of fire — this has ceased to be a novelty, tho it still excites our admiration — the love to gaze upon the starry heavens, the lovely workmanship of our Father — but even that pleasure has been denied us this week for it is the rainy season in this latitude — We have had some such showers, as I never before witnessed, but no thunder or lightning — neither were we fearful lest adjacent bridges, houses or barns would be swept away by the rising waters for our eyes could rest upon nothing but a boundless expanse — On account of the rain our skylights are necessarily closed, thus preventing free circulation of air, & indeed some of the time there is scarcely a breath of air to cheer us, — this renders our situation distressing on account of the foul air in our vessel. Our little band of sisters are more comfortable tho obliged to lounge on couches from noon & till night — My dear husband is very much better, & I am enabled to spend the most of my time in reading & study. Mon. 15° N. 3° 18' W. Long. 13° 18'.

The Capt thinks we have again found the trade-winds, & we are making some progress, tho our course is far from being a direct one. Yesterday the sea was rougher than usual, & instead of service

on deck we were all confined to our berths. Oh my dear mother how little do those who remain on land, and enjoy its privileges know how to sympathize with those who wander upon the deep. But I would not shrink, provided my may of getting to the longest feathers. I know there trials are good for me. It is just such discipline as I need. How little I know but little about God compared with the dear sisters, they are still a elected & doubtless will be till permitted to set our feet upon terra firma.

Tues. 23. South Lat 47° 21' E. Long. 29° 16'

Another week has passed & brought with it little change. Each day brings with it new mercies it is true, but it finds us in the same little prison, floating upon the same blue main, encircled by the same broad canopy occasionally a fish diverts us with its gambols, and a bird hovers about our dwelling: but no variegated landscape, with towering hill, wide spread lawn, & rippling stream. — no peaceful abode of man relieves the eye. But my dear mother you would often see me as happy as you ever did. — Last sabbath we again had service on deck — an interesting sermon from Mr. Brown from 2 Cor. 10 12 — Wed. 31. S. Lat 25° 51' E. Long. 30°

In the center of amusement, I sang to myself, & will immediately go below. How & heart of my dear mother with the kind dispensation of Providence, & this cheering intelligence I grasp my pen, & sit down to write, but something seems to whisper in my ear, & tells your absence thousands of miles separate you from her whom you so dearly love, & days, weeks, & months must pass ere she can be cheered by a knowledge of your situation. This at times casts a momentary gloom over my mind, & almost prompts me to throw aside my pen, but then I remember how much you desire to hear from me, the intelligence be long dispersed. The fond hope that my dear mother does not indulge undue solicitude on my account is daily comforting. I do not but the deep commit me to the keeping of our common Father, & let me assure you dearest mother that he is a faithful covenant keeping Father. — This is our 54 day at sea, & have not yet experienced a storm, & only twice has the motion of the vessel been so violent as to throw us from our seats — our days are pleasant & pleasures. Health of the sisters still feeble — Thurs. August 6 S. Lat 29° 30' E. Long. 12° W. have been many that weather much like the last of October — making good progress on our way — have been the sport of the foaming billows — the sublimity of its appearance it is in vain for me to attempt to describe — suffice it to say we should find it needful require an almighty arm to stay its waves — for we can do little else than keep ourselves from being thrown with violence from our seat & from one side of the room to the other — Every timber groans, & every thing that is movable, roll by & pro with a terrific ceremony — Our nights are wearisome indeed — we have to exercise so much to keep in our berths, that have but little opportunity for sleep or rest — consequently arise unrefreshed — This I trust will teach me to be thankful for the little I do enjoy. But even here is much mercy. It is so cold as to be very uncomfortable in the cabin, but the air is now good in our state rooms & by muffling with shawl & cap, & shutting ourselves up there we are very comfortable, & can enjoy a little retirement — I cannot express to you my dear mother the pleasure this affords me, & my dear husband seems to enjoy it quite as well as I do. I think we shall be prepared to bring a little relief home —

Wed. 27. S. Lat 39° 46' E. Long. 51° 53'

My own beloved mother, although separated from you by a watery waste of more than eleven thousand miles, together with the continent of Africa, yet imagination at a single bound places me by your side, so that I can often with you talk & walk & pray. I often think of your injunction to leave you & your domestic cares at home. It was a needless injunction, but for a few days past it has been impossible while by it. My dear mother is often before my eyes oppressed with care, & moving out with patience & the thought that I cannot fly to her relief, or even again help to smooth her rugged path, is at times overwhelming. My heart melts & pours out its sorrow in tears. Were there no Saviour my dear mother is upon whom I could cast my & all your cares, I should be inconsolable. But blessed be our God & Saviour, there is a mercy seat, where I may carry all my burdens & lay it down at last. —

I feel that dear Saviour cares for my mother, & will fit her for glory. That he has his eye constantly fixed upon her. That he knows he proves, he remembers that she is dust, & as a father pitieth his children, so he pitieth her. He will not afflict her unnecessarily, he will not long upon her unnecessary care. — I feel that he has called upon her to sacrifice her children. called them to leave their father's house, & me, to go out from my country. For this providence I think I shall still rejoice. I trust we shall be able to bring a far greater amount of glory to our Father than we otherwise could have done. & I love to remember that my dear mother will be the primary instrument in the accomplishment of it all. & that dear dear Saviour can more than supply the place of sons & daughters. & he has promised now she is old & grey headed he will not forsake her. Oh my mother have I faith as a grain of mustard seed I should cease to be troubled about your temporal welfare. it would be enough for you belonged to Jesus, I should be willing that he should fit you for his bride in his own way. I am ashamed of my wicked distrust, & unbelief. After having so richly suffer thy under my powder our loved, I hope to be enabled to lay it down. That the dear Saviour will support, comfort & purify the heart of my mother is the daily prayer of her affectionate daughter

M. L. Johnson

Thurs Sept 5th Lat 35° 8 Long 36° 30'

For several days past I have been endeavouring (but in vain on account of the violent motion of the vess
use my pen sufficiently to inform my dear mother that I have been enabled to cast my burden upon
if we will not relinquish it by our just fears we should be left to feel the weight of our burden, & real
unability to sustain it. I hope never again to experience a trial of this character. No I am sensible there
ing but grace can prevent it. It appears one much consolation to carry my dearest friends to the mercy-seat
thought that it is an enduring privilege, adds much to its sweetness. I am still with you much in my thoughts
but am not anxious. I know that Jesus tenderly watches over us & while he says, As one whom his m
comfortth so will I comfort you; let us not indulge in distrust & unbelieving fears.

Where is nothing material to tell us that we are drawing our journey's end, than 12 weeks since
the sky alone us, & the sea around us, together with fish & fowl are all that meet our vision. yet I rejoice
tell you that in 10 or 12 days we hope to reach our desired haven. The temperature of the last 2 weeks ha
been much like that of a fine England November & the sea very rough: but we are still alive & no strangers
again in the dreary gone. But winter has fled, & we now enjoy the temperature of summer. but no
a plant, or a leaf to betokens to us its glad approach. I still scarcely gaze upon the green f
given delight I ever permitted to reach them. Our impressions seem to like a long one.
have been floated upon the great deep — are almost impatient for the flight. If 5 or 6 more
do hope to be released from our rocking. I think I could be satisfied to live many months
threatening a rocking chair. But I must not complain. I owe many an opportunities
ent improvement & the privations of a sea-life will prepare us to prize our liberty & the m
we may hope will surround us when permitted to reach our destined port. Various emo
oppression of my breast as I look forward to the close of them days me almost to weep for mirth
fly away to its anchorage. An involuntary shrinking drawn nearer approach, while a strange
that I was ever more desirous of life & see Mayne —

Mrs Mary L. Baker
Piper
Ms.

Single

P.H.L. JAN

J. P. Walter.